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1911

VERSES

BY

FRANCES MONROE HOPKINS





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Book 0624 V3

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Frances Hopkins

VERSES



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FRANCES MONROE HOPKINS

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1911



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by
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Washington
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No. 1.

DEDICATED TO
ALL OF
FRANCES' FRIENDS

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PREFACE

This little volume is printed at the suggestion of friends who wish to own Frances' verses. They are given direct from her own blunt penciling without editing, written at such times as the spirit moved her, during her eighth and ninth years, and they go to press without Frances' knowledge, as a surprise for her tenth birthday.

THE THREE DAWNS OF DAY

When with dew the earth is fed,
 When the world is gray,
When the flowers are in their bed,
 That's the first dawn of day.

When the birds are singing, singing,
 With an echo far away,
Singing, singing, ringing, ringing,
 That's the second dawn of day.

When the sun comes from the hill,
 In golden clouds array,
When the world, unveiled but still,
 That's the last dawn of day.

THE GARDEN

O, the garden !

The pretty brick paved path so bright,
With fountains playing in the light,
And here and there are marble urns,
Filled with flowers and buds and ferns.
The old oak trees bend down their heads
To shelter from sun the flower beds.

O, the garden !

And O, the pansies, the human tots!
Paint the ground in magic dots.
And roses gay scent up the air,
And robin sings his love song there.

O, the garden !

GOD'S NIGHT

The world is still—the dark comes slow
O'er plain and hill—my young thoughts flow.
With love and joy my heart leaps high,
And clouds of night come in the sky.
I shut my eyes in peace, I rest,
The day is bright, "God's night" is best.

WE KNOW

“We know,” whispered the trees,
“We know,” echoed the breeze,
And the birds sang
And their voices rang,
“We know.”

And the little flowers nodded their heads,
And nestled down in their green flower beds,
And whispered low
“We know.”
And the old gray house looked solemn and still,
And the voices echoed from hill to hill,
“We know.”

APRIL

Pitta, patta, pitta, is the rain's gentle sound,
When the April sprite comes dancing round.
Crocuses bright and leaves so green
Spring up to the light, when April is seen.
The little buds upon the trees
Wave their heads in the gentle breeze.
And everything is young and green,
When the April sprite once more is seen.

GOOD NIGHT TO NATURE

Good night little birds and great old trees,
Good night little flowers and murmuring
breeze.

Good night great sun, for the night and all,
Till you come back on your morning call.
Good night, oh world, till I finish my sleep,
And over me watch the angels will keep.
Good night little birds and flowers so gay,
Till sunbeams are shining and night gone
away.

DAY AND NIGHT

Oh, as I see the passing hours,
They seem to be ne'er ending,
And as I watch the fading morn
The evening shades come bending.
And when I look and see the sun,
Come riding in the sky,
Where are the bending shadows
Hiding, when the sun rides by?

WINTER AND SUMMER

I wonder why winter is so very cold,
And summer's not?
Suppose that summer would be cold
And winter hot!
That would be queer,
'Cause all through the year,
People would look in each others face.
And say, "Things seem to be all out of place!"

SMOKE

Smoke is twisting, floating, twirling,
Is always flying, curling,
Sometimes white and sometimes gray,
Flying, floating, far away,
Bending low to the ground,
Twisting, twirling round and round.

A DREAM

Once while I was sleeping,
And the moonlight was peeping,
Through the window by my bed ;
In came a little dream so sweet,
And whispered in my ear a dream,
That I dreamt complete.

THANKFULNESS

Be thankful for everything,
I am sure that is right.
Thank the giver for the gift
With all your strength and might.

SONG OF THE TREE AND FLOWER

“My song,” said the tree,
“Is when the tempests rave,
I do not flee,
But stand and be brave.
I’m like a knight
In the days gone by,
They wore armor bright,
And plumes on high.
My armor is my bark,
My plumes my waving boughs,
Where robin, wren and singing lark
And many others house.”

"My song," said the flower,
"Is where I like to go,
'Tis in a leafy bower,
Where sunbeams often flow.
I'm like a pretty fairy,
With shining wings array,
And crown on head so airy,
And in gardens often stray.
My petals are my crown,
My leaves my wings so gay,
I nestle on the grassy ground,
Where sunbeams love to play."

BATTLE

It is cold,
The world is old,
The trees bend low to the ground,
And o'er the hills the trumpets blast,
And o'er the hills they sound.
Guns now fire loud and long,
Those everlasting sounds,
And through the woods and o'er the hill,
The fearing bullet bounds.
Flags now wave,
Hurrah for the brave,
Our country now we'll surely save!

HOURS OF THE DAY

Twilight, twilight, dreamy peaceful twilight,
Midnight, midnight, dreary lonesome midnight.
Sunlight, sunlight, bright and shining sunlight,
Hours of the day,
Give time for play,
Give time to say
Goodnight, goodnight,
'Tis long past peaceful twilight.

BESIDE THE CLEAR POND

Modest blue violet
And forget-me-not,
With the pretty Swiss flower,
The snowy white tot,
The sweet red rose
Scents the summer air,
And down in the grass
Are the lilies so fair,
With golden-rod and daisies so fond,
Grow in the meadow
Beside the clear pond.

ONE DAY IN THE ADIRONDACKS

The sky was blue as blue,
The clouds as white as white,
The lake was clear and smooth,
And in the sun twas bright.
Whiteface was blue in the atmosphere,
The Sentinels were gray,
And in the air there was a breeze,
That came from far away.
The trees upon the islands
Were green as green could be,
And on all sides were mountains
As far as you could see.

THE CLOVER

Tell me summer clover,
Growing everywhere,
Did the tiny bees kiss you,
As they flew through the air?

Yes, yes, pretty maiden,
They kiss us every day,
We're not a bit afraid of them,
For that is just their way.

THE ROSES

When the roses bloom again,
The song of Jenny Wren
Can then be heard.

As through the air her music floats,
Those high and mighty, trilling notes,
O'er field and valley her song now floats,
When the roses bloom again.

THE DOGWOOD

Pretty, pretty dogwood,
Pretty, pretty thing,
We shall see your blossoms
In the joyful spring.
When the winter comes again,
You, the robin and the wren,
Will go away from me,
Till the spring comes tripping here,
Light and gay and joyfully.
Pretty pretty dogwood,
Pretty, pretty thing.
We shall see your blossoms
When the robin's voice will ring.

DAISIES AND BUTTERCUPS

I wonder if the sun is up?
Yes, there it shines on each buttercup.
It makes the daisies look so fair,
Like old ladies with snow white hair;
The buttercups, just the other way,
It makes them look so bright and gay.

THE DOGWOOD AND THE PUSSY- WILLOW

The dogwood and the pussy-willow had a fight,
It was at twelve o'clock at night;
The pussy-willow said, "Oh dear,
I'm very tired of staying here,"
The dogwood said, "What's the matter with
you?
Don't you think I'm tired too?"
The dogwood growled and looked at her,
The pussy then began to purr.

THE PROUD ROSE

Once an American Beauty
Whose name was Rose,
Stood up in her new green dress,
Which came to the tip of her toes.

Master Jonquil, passing by,
Caught sight of her in the wink of an eye.
Said he, "I've come to woo
Some one sweet and it's you."

The American Beauty (whose name was Rose)
Smiled and turned up the tip of her nose,
Said she, "I won't love you,
For I am far above you."

THE LILY

The lily is a tender flower,
Fond of sun and fond of shower,
Prays to God that He will bring
Sun and shower with the spring.

When a shower just is over,
When the rain lies on the clover,
When fresh odor fills the air,
When the grass the rain drops bear,

Then she says, "Little diamond rain drops,
Dancing on the ground,
When you fell the other night,
You made a pitta patta sound.

Little diamond rain drops
Swaying in the trees,
You could be blown away
With the lightest breeze.

Little diamond raindrops,
Falling from the skies, way up,
I will try to catch you all
In my Lily cup.

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A SORROW

Upon a bush there was a rose,
All velvet soft and red,
Of its perfume this rose was proud,
And high it held its head.

“There is no smell so sweet as mine,
There is no shade so rich and fine.”

But alas, one sad gray day,
The wind blew its petals away.

“Oh sorrow ” cried this vain sweet miss,
“No more hours of glorious bliss.”

THE FIRE FLY

Little sparkling firefly that you are,
Why are you so bright?
“It’s because I carry a light,
As I fly through the night,
When I fly so far.”

THE RAINBOW

I saw the rainbow in the sky,
Once while it was raining.
I very often wonder why,
The rainbow is so gay,
It lit the skies that were so dark,
And led me on my way.

THE COMET

I saw the comet in the sky
Just as the sun had set,
It had two wings, I guess to fly,
You could not see it if the day were wet.
It had a tail and it was very bright,
It seemed about two yards in height.

THE HELPING HAND

I'd like to be a helping hand,
Some day when I am grown,
And do the deeds so great and grand,
Of which I have been shown.

I'd help the poor to earn their food,
And make the wicked great and good.
I'd like to make the whole world true,
Two can do it, I and you.

EVENING

Clouds of gray are gathering
To cover up the sun,
Stars get their candles out,
The happy day is done.

My tea is nearly ready,
Then I'll go to bed,
I'm getting awfully sleepy,
Oh my drowsy sleepy head.

THE LONG DARK NIGHT

As through the air came a vision
A voice shouted "run!"
And a child like lightning
Through the air gave a dart.
There was no sound at all,
Except a beating of a heart.
The heart went thump, thump.
Whose heart it was I do not know.
There came a knock at the door,
Rump, rump.
And a child came in and said,
"Whose heart is that, that's beating so?"
The vision did not answer,
And a dusky cloud appeared,
The vision went out of sight,
And all the village cheered.

THE IRIO

The Irio's a funny bird,
In unknown countries its name is heard.
It's red with purple stripes.
Its neck is long and yellow.
Its legs are white and red and black,
And every other color.
Indeed it is a very funny fellow.
I don't know why its noise
Isn't like any other bird,
In foreign countries everywhere,
Its noise is often heard,
You'd think the poor, poor bird was ill,
When you heard its shrill
Oc-Irio, oc-Irio, oc-oc-oc-oc-Irio.

A PRAYER

Heavenly Saviour, gentle Jesus,
I will thank you all my best,
For the shining days you give us,
Now I lay me down to rest.

Now the evening shadows creeping
O'er the day of sun,
Heavenly Saviour, gentle Jesus,
Forgive all sins I've done.

LOVE THE LORD

He who loveth the Lord
Has many a praise.
The Lord loveth him
Who keeps His laws through the days.

Love the Lord, He who gave us home and food,
He who made us mortal beings,
Love the Lord, for He is good.

THINGS

Yellow is the hay, yellow is the hay,
In the barn where the horses stay.
Green is the grass, green is the grass,
Down by the lake that shines like glass.
Blue is the sky, blue is the sky,
Up where the clouds go sailing by.
Changing is the sea, changing is the sea,
Where ships are sailing far and free.

THE TRUMPET

Haylo, saylo, the trumpet it sings of fame.
I wish that I could lead a band,
With the trumpet that sings of fame.
Once I was a General, once I was a King,
Often have I heard the trumpet's gay greeting.
Oh how I wish that I could hear,
The trumpets blast, now here, now there,
Oh how I wish that I could see,
The shining buttons blinding blare.
Haylo, saylo, the trumpet it sings of fame.

JACK FROST

Rosy cheeked, cherry lipped, pink nosed,
 twinkling eyed,
Sly little Jack Frost is out today.
He drives the children from their play,
He nips their toes, he nips their cheeks, he
 nips their nose!
Oh! Oh!
Rosy cheeked, cherry lipped, pink nosed,
 twinkling eyed,
Sly little Jack Frost is out today.

SPRING

Jacky Frost is gone away,
Little Spring has come today,
Let us all now merry make,
For our sweet Spring's joyful sake.

MAY FLOWERS

May flowers, May flowers, floating away,
 swinging away,
Sweet signs of May,
Day after day,
May flowers, May flowers, floating away,
 swinging away.

LOVE

Love, Love, like a snow white dove,
Flying through the air are you,
I saw you as you sang and flew,
Far, far, away, far, far, away.
Your wings are smooth and white.
I saw you in the night,
Far, far, away.
Your eyes shine like stars,
Away off in the fars,
They shine far, far away.
Your song is the sweetest I have heard,
You are the sweetest of any bird,
Far, far away.
Your nest is in the tree tops, high is it,
So nothing can come and scare you from it,
Far, far away.
You are my sweet, you are my love,
Now fly through the air my snow white dove.

LOVE AND HATE

Love goes hurrying o'er the fields,
Hate comes following at her heels.
Love is sweet and full of smile,
Hate, an entirely different child,
She is dull and always frowning,
She the children soon will be crowning,
If love hurrys not along.

MY PRAYER

When I say my prayers at night,
I hear a voice saying,
“Pray God to help you do what’s right,”
And so I finish praying,
“God help me to be good,
And I’ll try my best,”
Then I hear a voice whisper,
As I lay me down to rest,
“God loves you, loves you true,
Tell Him to have faith in you,
Tell Him to have trust.”
So I prayed, “Jesus have faith, I’ll try to be
just.”

CAROL FOR THANKFULNESS

Carol thankful people, carol joyfully,
Carol thankful people, thankful ye should be,
Carol thankful people, of thy joys great,
Carol thankful people, for thy happy fate,
Carol thankful people, to thy Father mild,
Carol thankful people, for thou art His child.

THE LITTLE GRAY SHEEP

Come, oh come, ye glorious times,
When the joyful angels sing,
'Tis Christmas day, and may it be gay,
And joys may it bring;
For Christ the Lord was born today.
His reign shall never pass away.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest.

Shepherds seated on the ground,
Watching o'er their sheep at night,
Saw the star and saw its glorious light,
And heard the joyful angels sing
Glory, glory to our King.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest.

And the shepherds listened,
Listened quiet and long,
Listened to the angels sing
Their glorious song,
In excelsis gloria,
Glory to our King,
Born in Bethlehem,
As the angels sing
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest.

Then the shepherds trembled,
For they were sore afraid,
And the angels said to them,
“Christ the Lord will watch o’er ye,
For what else was he made?”
And the shepherds listened
To the song that the angels sing,
Glory, glory, glory, glory to our King.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest.

And the shepherds said,
"Let us go and see,
See this Heavenly Father,
See whom He may be."
And the shepherds left,
Leaving their flocks behind,
'Cepting one gray lamb,
So gentle and so kind.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest.

This little lamb was begging,
Begging all the night,
Of the moon and stars,
For a fleece of white.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest.

And when they came to Bethlehem,
They saw a stable there,
Within it a manger bed,
And Jesus mild and fair.
The little lamb lay at the door,
And thought his troubles o'er and o'er.
And Jesus called him to his bed,
And lay His hand on the poor lamb's head,
And at once there came a fleece of white
For which he had been praying all night.
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hosanna in the highest.

CLOUDS OF NIGHT

Rise up, rise up, ye clouds of night,
And let the golden sun shine bright,
There in the sky you ever stay,
Rise up ye clouds, for just today.
The night is long, I wish for morn,
Rise up ye clouds, and bring it on.
'Tis time the birds were waking,
'Tis time the day was breaking,
'Tis time the flowers left their bed,
'Tis time I lift my drowsy head.
Rise up, rise up, ye clouds of night,
And let the golden sun shine bright.

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY

This is the way, this is the way,
This is the road to yesterday;
Over the hill, over the plain,
When you've been there, you'll go again,
For there is no work, 'tis only play,
This is the road to yesterday.
Shady woods where squirrels play,
Over the hills, away, away,
'Tis the pleasant road to yesterday.

IF

If there weren't any parents for children to
love,
There would be no children, no God above ;
If there weren't any birds, any flowers or trees,
If there was no moss, no seeds, no breeze,
If there wasn't any day, and there wasn't any
night,
There wouldn't be anything to make the world
bright.

THANKS

Too much I cannot thank you, Mother,
For all that you've done for me, dear,
Each kindness for one another
Is love and joy here.
How would I live without you, Love?
I could not, had I no Father above.

SORROW

Now my heart is filled with sorrow,
Hopes and waiting for the morrow.
Now my footsteps become noiseless,
Now my days become joyless,
Never have I thought of fun,
The days are gloomy, no more sun ;
'There lies my mother on her bed,
Letting rest her tired head.
Oh ! my heart is full of sorrow,
Yet, always hoping for the morrow.

RAIN

The rain is falling everywhere,
A nice fresh odor fills the air,
The water trickles down the street,
And everywhere small streamlets meet.

THE WIND

Once as the wind was dashing by,
I heard a roaring, whistling cry,
Oh! Oh! what can that be
That sounds so weird in the great oak tree?

THE SUN

The sun is bright,
The whole world it doth light.
I like to sit in the sun,
And play in the sand and have fun.

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SATURDAY

Saturday is wide and free,
Because there is no school for me.
I play with my dolls and have lots of fun,
And into our yard so freely I run.

AT THE SEASIDE

When the children play in the sand,
They build houses, big and grand.
They dig a hole and fill it with water,
And take some sand, that will do for mortar.
They take some sticks,
And form the bricks,
And plant sea flowers on the lawn.
They look in their hole and the water is gone.

MY PLANT

My plant's a sturdy little thing,
I've had it since my birthday bells began to
 ring;
For many months I've treasured it,
And in my window it shall always sit.

A CHRISTMAS HOLD-UP

Said Santa, "I'll give you each a pretty toy,
If you'll let me have my joy,
And let me go."
"Let you go! Oh no, oh no!"
The father bear replied.
And Santa drew a long deep breath,
The bears declared he sighed.
The bears picked out some pretty toys,
And gave them to their girls and boys.

THUNDER

A rumble, a crash,
Down goes the sash;
And pitta patta goes the rain,
Oh! it's a thunder storm again.
I hate thunder storms, mother dear,
But I'm not scared if you are near.

THE TURKEY

Here comes the turkey,
Now it's on the table;
Little folks will eat it,
Fast as they are able.
In comes the pudding,
Bright with fairy flame,
Which also vanished quickly,
As soon as in it came.

HALLOWE'EN

In October when you're in your bed,
And you hear the wind whistling round your
 head,
And you hear the funniest sound,
And you daren't look around,
And you gaze out of the window, all queer and
 quivering,
And you see the funniest sight, made out of the
 funniest thing,
You see posted on a broomstick, a witch in all
 array,
And jack-o-lanterns everywhere astray.

DOWN IN THE CABIN

Down in the cabin,
Rolling on the floor,
Are the little darkies,
Rolling evermore.
Pity now them, children,
No toys with which to play,
Only rolling, rolling,
On the floor all day.
Listen now, my darling,
Listen now, my dear,
We must try to help them,
And keep them from all fear.

THE FRIGHTENED CHILD

I am frightened, I am cold,
No more the baby can I hold,
My limbs are stiff and weary.
Ere my mother went she said "dearie,
Keep the baby warm and well,
Do not break the loving spell,
Keep that health and joy,
As I have for my girl and boy."

THE TRAIN TO DREAMLAND

Puff, chuff, piff, pop,
All the way to Dreamland and not one stop.
Better hurry or you'll be late,
Not often you go to that drowsy state,
And we don't make three trips a night.
And you have to leave when the sun shines
 bright,
And then there'll be puff, chuff, piff, pop,
All the way to wide awake, and not one stop.
Toot, toot!
Here we are at wide awake,
As soon as day begins to break.
Toot, toot!

POOR OLD DONKEY

Which, oh which, would you rather be,
A little pet dog, or a poor donkey?
Poor old donkey!

The donkey has to work in the sun,
But the little pet dog has lots of fun.
Poor old donkey!

The donkey sleeps in a barn so bare,
But the little pet dog has a soft arm chair.
Poor old donkey!

The donkey waits in the rain so wet,
But by the fire sleeps doggy the pet.
Poor old donkey!

A QUESTION

Butterfly, butterfly, did you see
That green and shady bed?
In it are many flowers.
You will see it some day,
In the long and peaceful hours.
Butterfly, butterfly, did you see
The flowers there,
In the warm summer days,
As you flew through the air?



SLUMBER SONG

Sleep, my little one, sleep,
The stars come into the sky;
The stars are the sheep,
And the shepherd the moon,
So by, my little one, by.

MY HOUSE

Oh, my home is big and grand,
It stands on lots of precious land;
Its rooms are big and fine,
And in the vases flowers twine.
Joyfully our voices ring,
And now and then a bird will sing,
Its song is glad and long.
The lamps shine like the sun,
And in the evening we have fun,
We sit around the fire place,
And gaze into its blazing face.

THE LOST DOLL

You naughty, naughty dolly,
Why did you run away?
My little parrot Polly
Tells me everything you say.

You said you didn't love me,
You said you didn't mind
If I did die of sorrow,
Now, do you think 'twas kind?

Oh, come, my darling dolly,
You must never run away,
For by such naughty folly
You may get lost some day.

NURSERY RHYME RIDDLES

A darling small girl with curly fine hair,
Seated on cushions instead of a chair;
I wonder who the darling can be,
I'd love to know, pray can you tell me?
(Curly Locks)



A darling, a dear, a sweet little one,
Eating from a bowl and having such fun;
But ah, oh dear, you must guess the rest,
So try and guess it your very best.
(Miss Muffet)



A sweet little maiden dressed up fine,
Busy all the day,
She seems to have duties all the time,
She has no time to play.
(Queen of Hearts)

From a bright flower bed a sweet little miss,
Was picking her posies, which gave her great
bliss;

Now friends if you can will you please
Tell me who is this child, playing under the
trees?

(Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary)



A child with a basket, singing a song,
Smiling and skipping as she goes along,
Stopping to look at the flowers so gay,
That grow by the road along the way.

(Red Riding Hood)



A lady in ribbons and silk and all,
That one would wear to the finest ball,
And a little one in a gown so bright,
Can she be gypsy, or fairy, or sprite?

(Cinderella and Fairy)

A little girl with teary eyes,
Looking where I do not know,
I wonder why this darling cries,
If you can guess please tell me so.
(Bo-Peep)



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